

HALLOWEENTM #1



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Collector's
Item
Classic



WARREN COUNTY, ILLINOIS,
150 MILES FROM HADDONFIELD,
OCTOBER 30TH.

MR.
DOYLE? MICHAEL
CYPHERS FROM
COUNTY RECORDS.
YES. I FOUND THE
LOOMIS FILES
YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR.

OUTSTANDING!
WHEN CAN I
PICK 'EM
UP?

COME BY THIS
EVENING IF YOU
WANT. I'LL BE
WORKING
LATE.

GREAT!
I'LL SEE
YOU IN A
COUPLE OF
HOURS.

PERFECT!
WITH DR.
LOOMIS'S NOTES
I CAN MAKE
THIS BOOK
FLY.
AND
MAYBE
UNEARTH SOME
MYER'S FAMILY
SECRETS.



THREE HOURS
LATER!

DOYLE BETTER
SHOW UP SOON.
IT'S BEEN A LONG
DAY.

HE'S ONE TWISTED,
OBSESSIVE S.O.B. THIS
MATERIAL'S SO MORBID.
WHO WANTS TO WRITE A
BOOK ABOUT A MASS
MURDERER, ANY-
WAY?

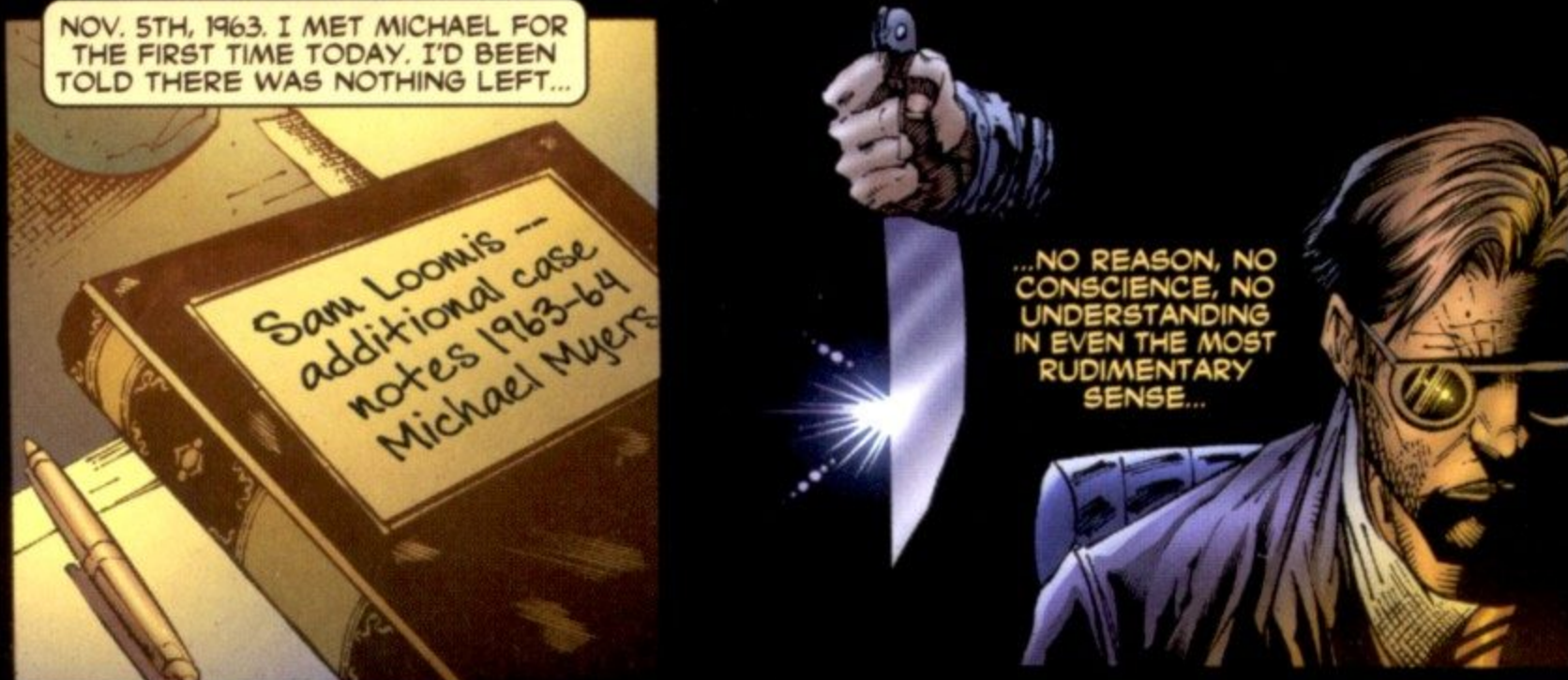
JESUS!
WHO WANTS
TO LOOK AT
CRIME SCENE
PHOTOS?



NOV. 5TH, 1963. I MET MICHAEL FOR
THE FIRST TIME TODAY. I'D BEEN
TOLD THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT...

Sam Loomis --
additional case
notes 1963-64
Michael Myers

...NO REASON, NO
CONSCIENCE, NO
UNDERSTANDING
IN EVEN THE MOST
RUDIMENTARY
SENSE...





...OF LIFE OR
DEATH, GOOD
OR EVIL, RIGHT
OR WRONG...

I MET THIS SIX-YEAR-OLD
CHILD WITH THIS BLANK,
PALE, EMOTIONLESS FACE...



...THE
BLACKEST
EYES...

...THE
DEVIL'S
EYES.







MICHAEL?



MICHAEL
CYPHERS --
MR. CYPHERS?
IT'S TOMMY
DOYLE.



THIS IS
AMAZING.

WHO'S
THERE?



WHAT'RE
YOU DOING
HERE?

I CAME
TO PICK UP
SOME PAPER-
WORK FROM
MICHAEL
CYPHERS.

IT'S
KINDA
LATE --
YOU SIGN
IN?

YEAH.
I WAS JUST AT
THE FRONT DESK. I
WAS TOLD TO COME
STRAIGHT BACK.

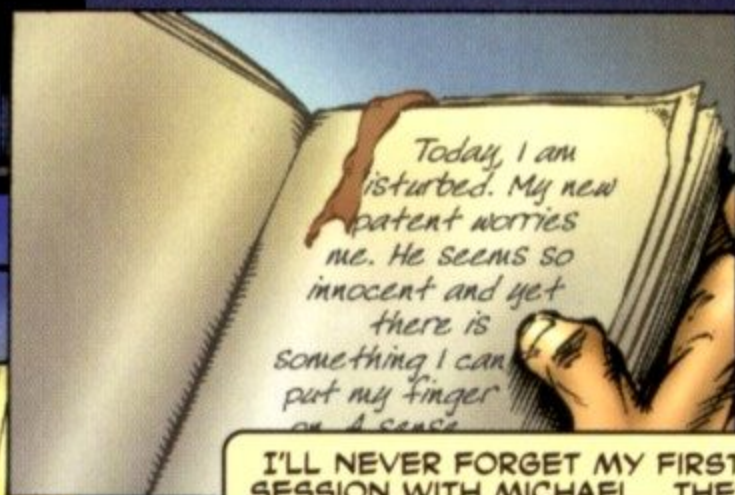


COME
WITH ME,
IT'S TIME TO
CLOSE UP.

YOU GOT A
REQUISITION
FORM FOR THAT
STUFF?

EH,
YEAH. I THINK
I LEFT IT AT
THE FRONT
DESK.

OKAY.
YOU BETTER
OR THAT
STUFF'S NOT
LEAVING THE
BUILDING.
CYPHERS
MUST BE IN THE
CAN OR GETTING
A SNACK OR SOME-
THING. HE CAN
LOCK UP HIS OWN
SECTION.



I'LL NEVER FORGET MY FIRST SESSION WITH MICHAEL... THEY WERE RIGHT. IT SEEMED THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT OF THE BOY.



MICHAEL MAY HAVE BRUTALLY MURDERED HIS SISTER BUT SMITH'S GROVE WAS NO PLACE FOR A SEVEN YEAR-OLD BOY.

I THINK IT WOULD BE WISER IF WE MOVED MICHAEL INTO A PRIVATE ROOM, GAVE HIM A PLAY AREA -- FOR THERAPEUTIC REASONS, OF COURSE.

THIS IS A SANITARIUM FOR THE INSANE, DR. LOOMIS, NOT SUMMER CAMP FOR NAUGHTY LITTLE BOYS.

I REALIZE THAT, DR. CARPENTER, BUT HE'S SO MUCH YOUNGER --

STOP WASTING MY TIME, LOOMIS. THE ANSWER'S NO.

THERE WERE ONLY A HANDFUL OF OTHER BOYS IN THE JUVENILE WARD BUT THEY WERE TEENAGERS, ALL WERE DEEPLY DISTURBED, SOME HAD KILLED.

FOR A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD, EVEN SOMEONE LIKE MICHAEL MYERS, IT WAS AN INHUMAN JUNGLE.

THAT'S YOUR BED MYERS. DON'T CAUSE ME ANY TROUBLE AND WE'LL GET ON FINE.

BLAIR, A NEGRO BOY WHO WAS ALMOST AS WITHDRAWN AS MICHAEL, AND LIKE MICHAEL HAD KILLED HIS SISTER.

ADRIAN, AN IDIOT SAVANT WITH AN EATING COMPULSION, WHOM THE OTHERS CALLED 'DONUT'.

ROGER WAS OUR BIBLICAL EXPERT -- AND A SELF-MUTILATOR.

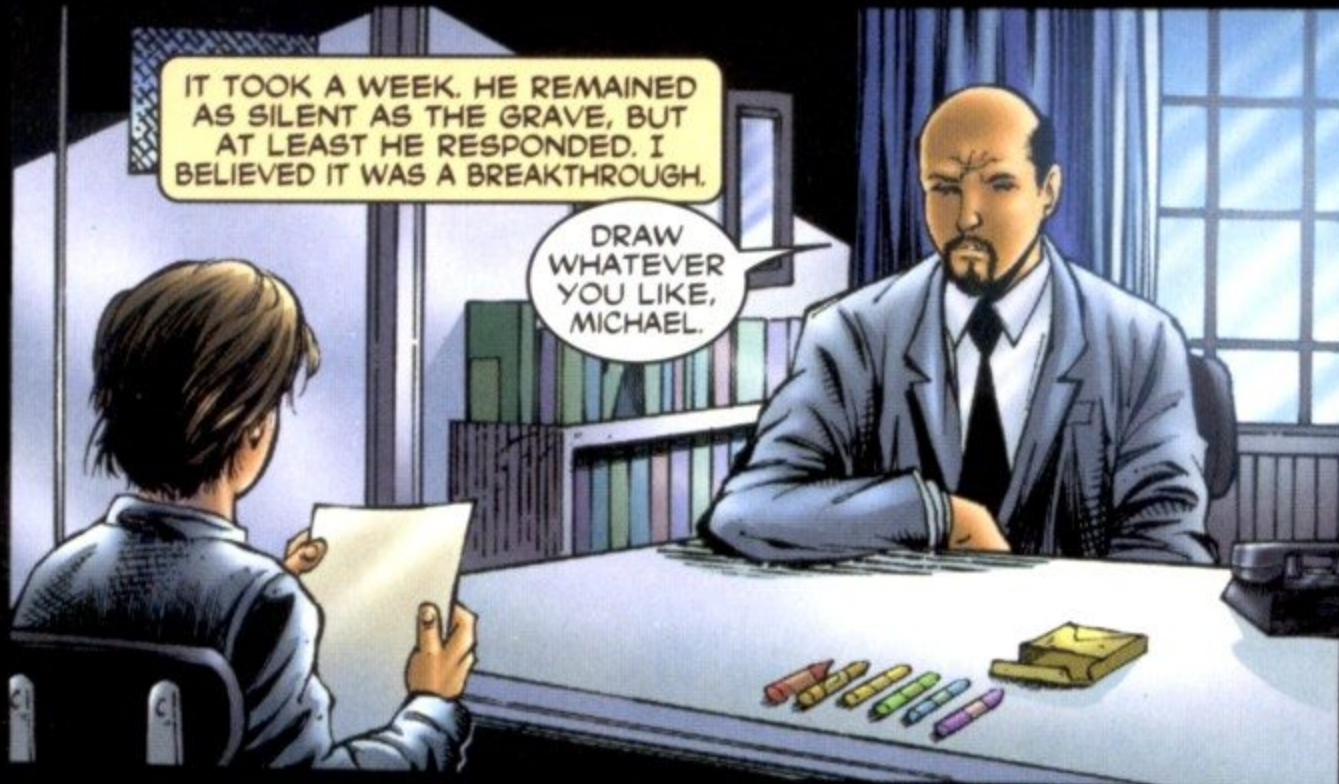
AND THEN THERE WAS TONY O'MALLEY, A VIOLENT PSYCHOPATH.

BEING LOCKED AWAY WITH THESE HOPELESS CASES WAS GOING TO MAKE MY JOB SO MUCH HARDER.

SO WHAT'S YER PROBLEM? YOU STUPID? YOU A DUMMY, KID?

LEAVE THE KID ALONE, O'MALLEY. GO WASH UP. IT'S ALMOST LIGHT'S OUT.

I SENSED IT WOULDN'T TAKE LONG FOR TROUBLE TO OCCUR.



IT TOOK A WEEK. HE REMAINED AS SILENT AS THE GRAVE, BUT AT LEAST HE RESPONDED. I BELIEVED IT WAS A BREAKTHROUGH.

DRAW WHATEVER YOU LIKE, MICHAEL.



OF COURSE, I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS A SIGN OF THINGS TO COME. TERRIBLE THINGS...



LOOMIS HERE. YES?



NO... NO, MRS. MYERS. HE HASN'T SAID A WORD -- YET. I'M AFRAID THIS IS NOT A GOOD TIME TO TALK.



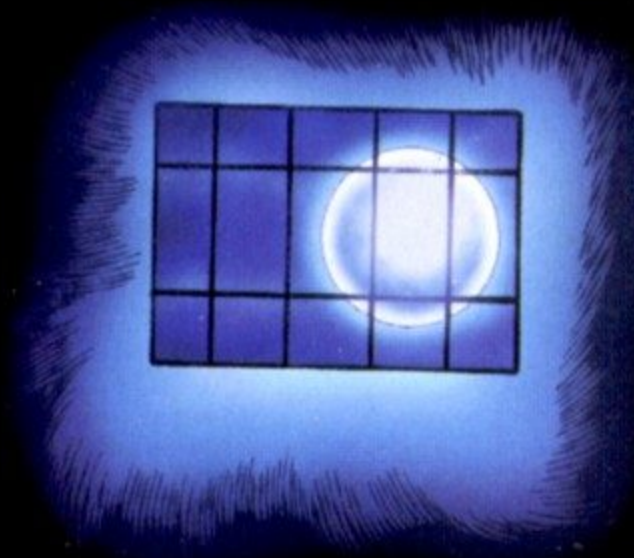
I WAS FOOLISH, NAIVE. I WAS BOTH DISTURBED AND DELIGHTED -- THIS WAS THE FIRST INDICATION MICHAEL ACKNOWLEDGED HE KNEW WHAT HE'D DONE. PERHAPS I COULD PROVE HE WASN'T INSANE.

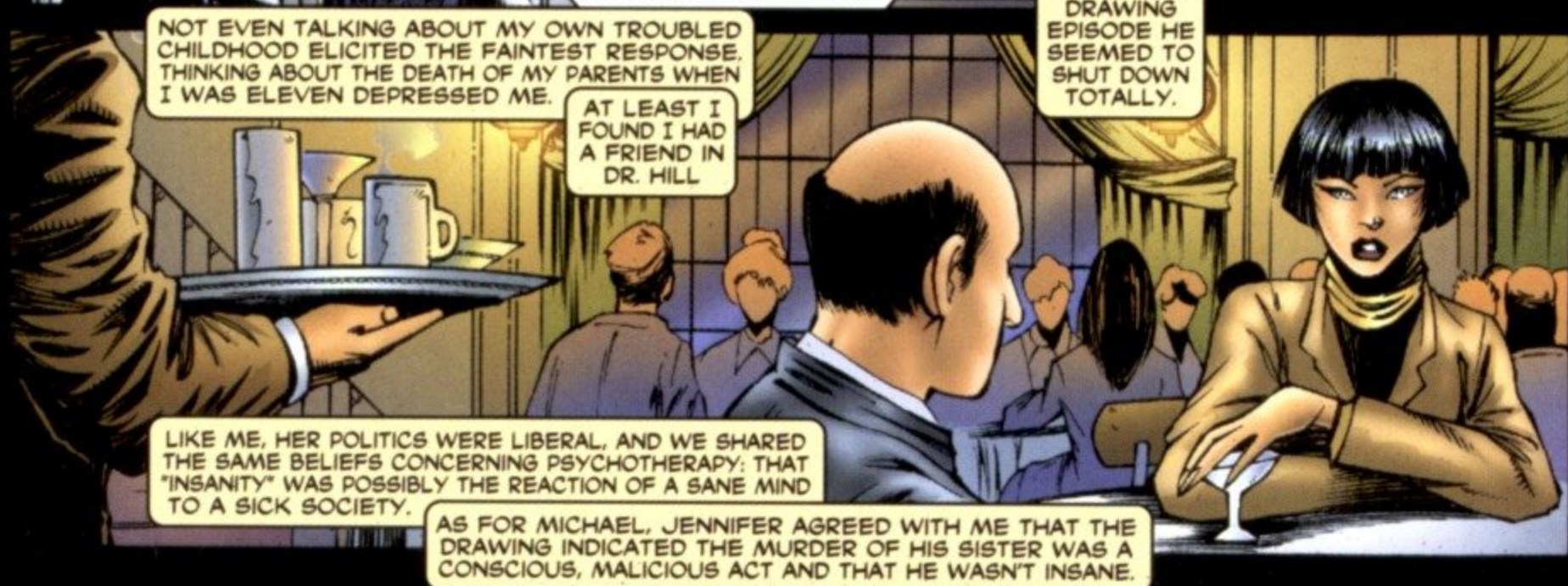
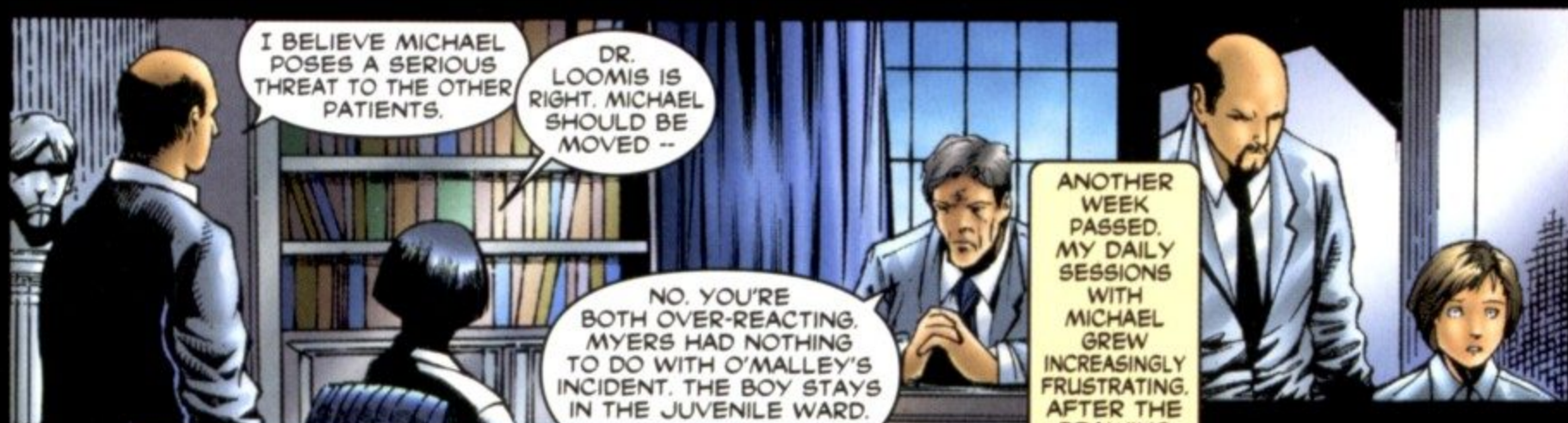
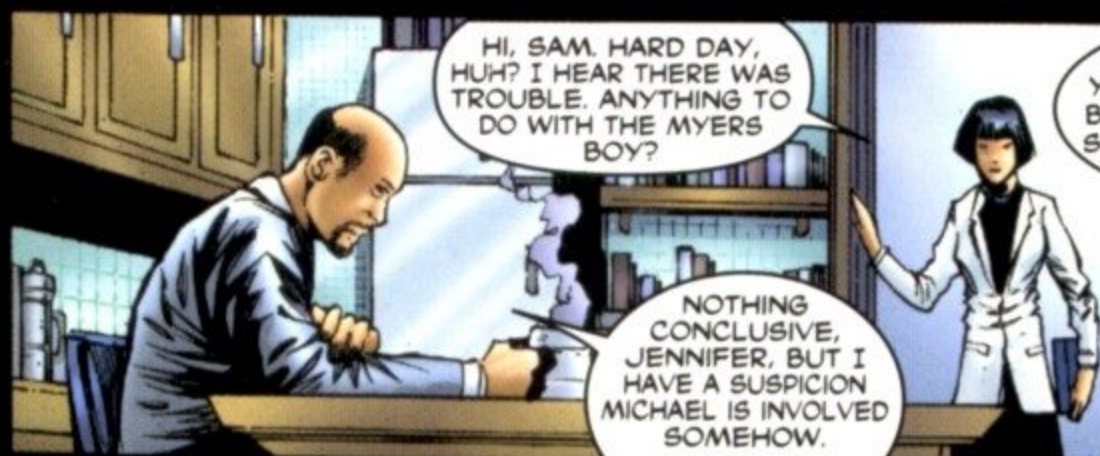
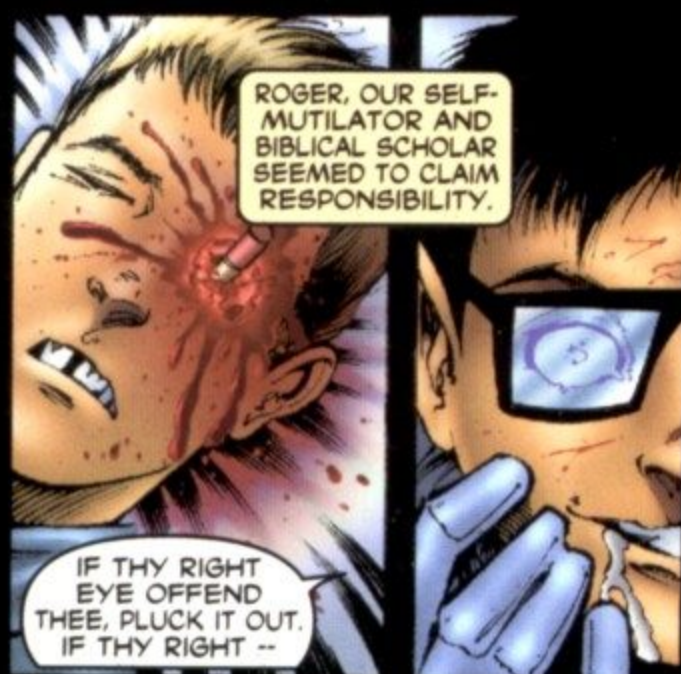
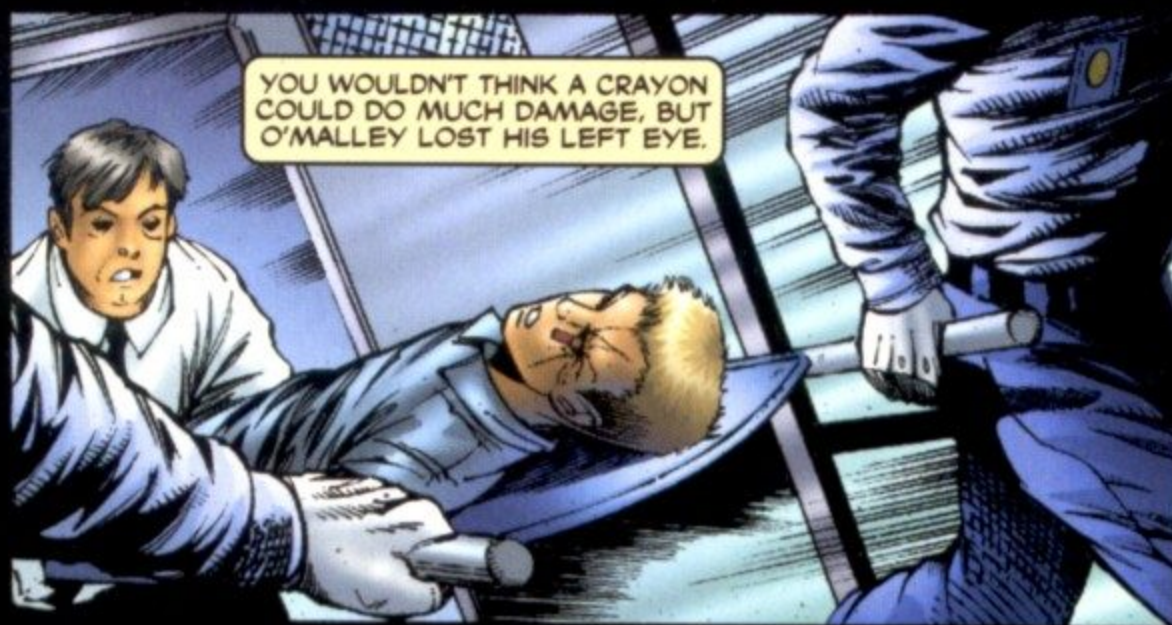


WOULD YOU LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE PICTURE, MICHAEL? IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO TELL ME?



OF COURSE, HE DIDN'T SPEAK. WHAT I WAS SEARCHING FOR WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES...







I'D NEVER BEEN CLOSE TO ANYONE; I LIKED TO KEEP MY DISTANCE. MY WORK WAS MY LIFE.



BUT I REALIZED SHE WAS SPECIAL.

SOON MY LIFE REVOLVED AROUND OUR DEVELOPING FRIENDSHIP. AND MICHAEL. ALWAYS MICHAEL.



AFTER O'MALLEY'S "ACCIDENT" WITH THE CRAYON THE OTHER PATIENTS KEPT THEIR DISTANCE.



A STRANGE SILENCE DESCENDED ON THE JUVENILE WARD AS IF MICHAEL'S PRESENCE HAD A CALMING EFFECT ON THEIR TROUBLED MINDS. PERHAPS IT WAS FEAR.

ASIDE FROM WALLACE, THE OTHER ORDERLIES KEPT AWAY FROM MICHAEL.



NOTHING ELSE HAPPENED UNTIL MICHAEL'S EIGHTH BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST -- THE DAY FOLLOWING THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF JUDITH MYERS' MURDER.

I WONDERED HOW MICHAEL MIGHT REACT TO KINDNESS FROM OTHERS



HEY, MICHAEL. HAPPY BIRTHDAY.



HEY! WADE!



FREAKIN' KID! THAT WASN'T FOR YOU, YOU GODDAMN PIG!





HE'S...
HE'S DEAD.

JEEZ!

WADE DIED IN HIS SLEEP, APPARENTLY
OF NATURAL CAUSES. AN AUTOPSY
REVEALED NO HEALTH PROBLEMS.
HIS HEART JUST STOPPED.



HELLO?
HELLO?

CLIK



JUST MY
IMAGINATION.
SPOOKING
MYSELF.

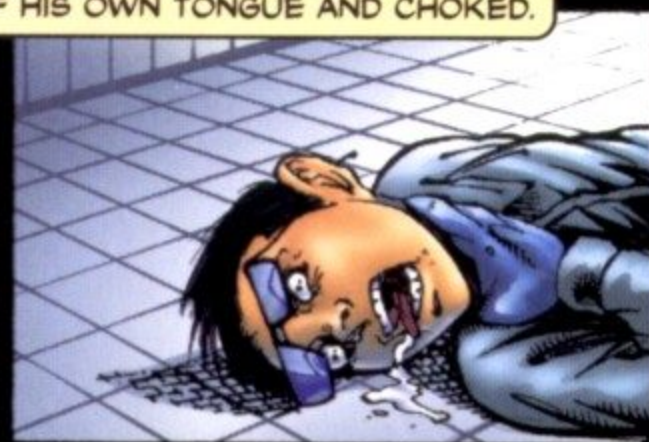


AS THE YEARS PASSED, MICHAEL'S SILENCE CONTINUED. HE APPEARED TOTALLY DOCILE. YOU COULD SAY HE WAS A MODEL INMATE.

EXCEPT THE OTHER PATIENTS CONTINUED TO HAVE PROBLEMS.



ROGER COMMITTED SUICIDE. HE BIT OFF HIS OWN TONGUE AND CHOKED.



O'MALLEY BECAME INCREASINGLY DELUSIONAL AND VIOLENT, BUT TURNED THAT VIOLENCE AGAINST HIMSELF. HE WAS CONFINED TO A PADDED CELL.



BY THE TIME MICHAEL WAS ABOUT TO TURN 14 WE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHY HE RESIDED AT SMITH'S GROVE. THEN THAT FOOL CARPENTER INSISTED ON THE HALLOWEEN PARTY.



IF ANOTHER PATIENT DIES, THEN THE BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!

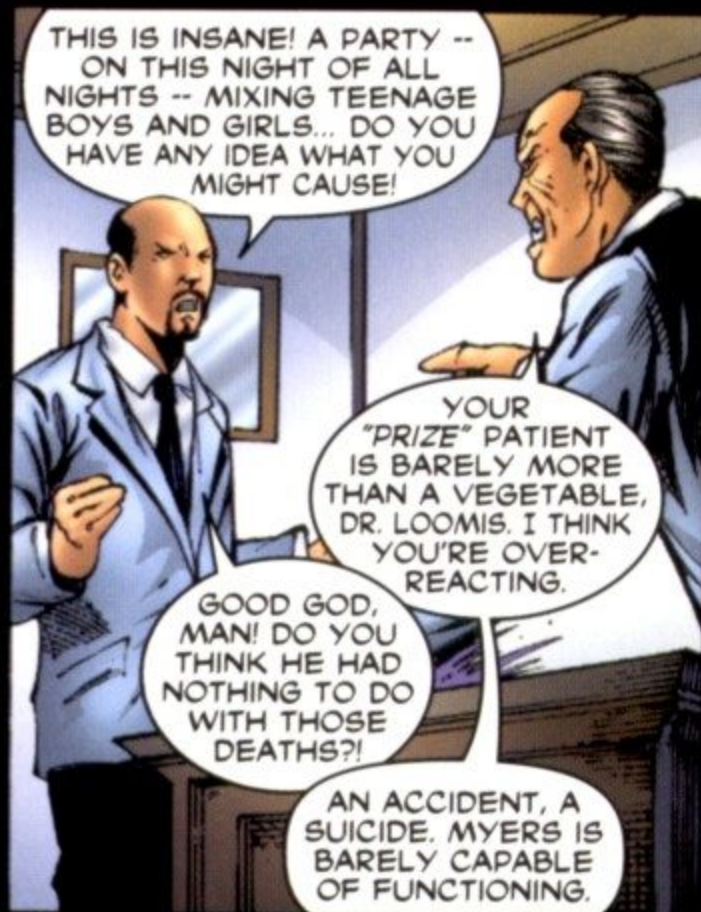


THIS IS INSANE! A PARTY -- ON THIS NIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS -- MIXING TEENAGE BOYS AND GIRLS... DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU MIGHT CAUSE!

YOUR "PRIZE" PATIENT IS BARELY MORE THAN A VEGETABLE, DR. LOOMIS. I THINK YOU'RE OVER-REACTING.

GOOD GOD, MAN! DO YOU THINK HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THOSE DEATHS?!

AN ACCIDENT, A SUICIDE. MYERS IS BARELY CAPABLE OF FUNCTIONING.



SAM, OH, SAM -- YOU KNOW I AGREE WITH YOU. AND WE BOTH KNOW YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH DR. CARPENTER.

BUT MICHAEL --

I'M THE CENTER OF YOUR WORLD NOW. YOU'VE TRIED EVERYTHING YOU COULD. HE'S A HOPELESS CASE.



BESIDES, WE HAVE OTHER THINGS TO THINK OF.







NOBODY
PANIC. IT'S
OKAY.

SMITH'S GROVE'S EMERGENCY
GENERATORS WERE OLD. IT
TOOK MINUTES FOR THE POWER
TO RETURN. BY THEN MY WORST
FEARS WERE REALIZED.



MICHAEL, OF COURSE,
WAS NOWHERE NEAR NANCY
WHEN SHE DROWNED.



HOW
DID YOU
DO IT?! YOU
ARE THE
DEVIL!



DAMN YOU,
MICHAEL! SAY
SOMETHING!

SAM --
NO!



IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. NANCY
MUST HAVE SLIPPED, BANGED HER
HEAD AND DROWNED.

IT WAS NO
ACCIDENT.

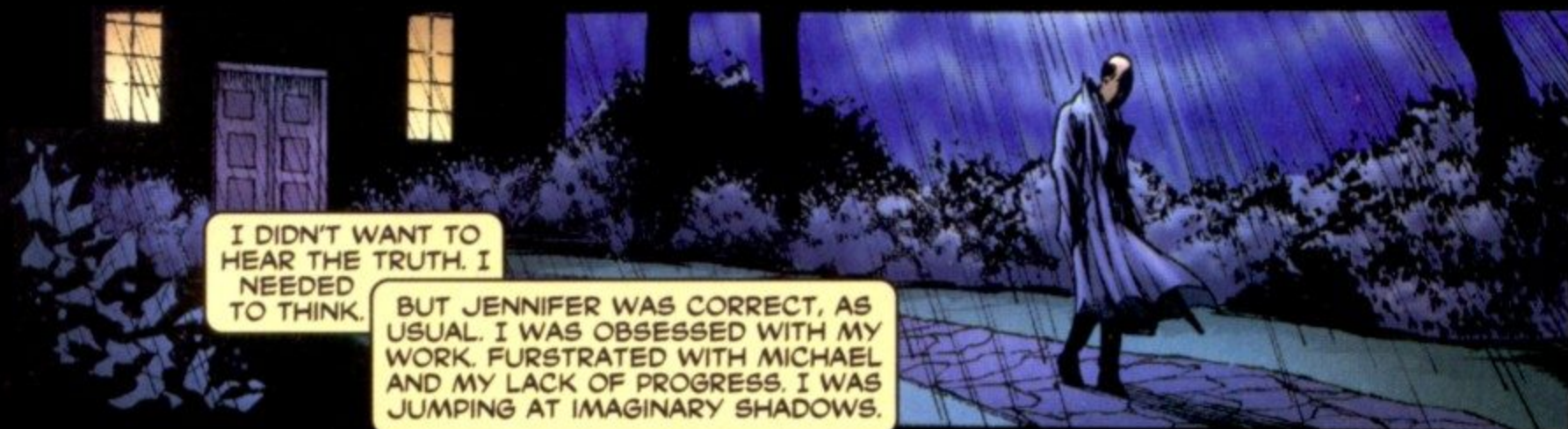


ENOUGH, SAM. STOP
BLAMING THE BOY.
YOU'VE SAID HE
BELONGS IN A
SUPERVISED MEDICAL
FACILITY LIKE
RIDGEMONT, NOT
HERE.

HE
BELONGS
IN A
PRISON.



YOUR TALENT
IS WASTED HERE,
SAM. OUR WEDDING'S
TWO MONTHS AWAY.
I'D LIKE MY HUSBAND
TO HAVE A SUCCESSFUL
PRIVATE PRACTICE. THEY
WILL FIND SOMEONE
ELSE TO LOOK
AFTER MICHAEL.





WHY DID SHE GO UP ON THE ROOF?

THE COUNTY CORONER RULED IT A SUICIDE.



BUT I SUSPECTED -- I *KNEW* -- THE TRUTH.



YOU'VE FOOLED THEM, HAVEN'T YOU? BUT NOT, ME, NO. I KNOW. I KNOW, MICHAEL -- YOU ARE THE DEVIL!



NOW CARPENTER BELIEVES YOU SHOULD BE MOVED TO AN OPEN FACILITY LIKE NAPERVILLE. YOU BELONG IN RIDGEMONT -- SOMEWHERE WITH HIGH SECURITY. BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT? TO GET OUT. TO KILL.

NOT AS LONG AS I LIVE.

I KNEW THEN THAT MICHAEL WAS MY DESTINY. I CEASED TO BE HIS CARETAKER AND VOWED TO BE THE GATEKEEPER. TO KEEP HIM LOCKED AWAY. BUT HOW DO YOU CONTAIN EVIL?

TIRED. BUT THIS IS GREAT STUFF. GOTTA MAKE SOME COFFEE, KEEP READING.





IT'S HALLOWEEN.



COFFEE AND JACK, THE WRITER'S DIET.



YOU!

IT CAN'T BE!
YOU'RE DEAD -- I KILLED YOU!









YOU
SONOFABITCH.
WHEREVER YOU
ARE, I'M GONNA
FIND YOU AND
FINALLY KILL
YOU.

THE END...
UNTIL NEXT
HALLOWEEN!